Vol. III. Numb. 61.

The British Apollo:

OR,

Curious Amuſements for the INGENIOUS.

To which are Added the moſt

Material Occurrences Foreign and Domeſtick.

Perform'd by ſome of the Society of GENTLEMEN, Concern'd in the First and Second VOLUME, with the Aſſiſtance of other Ingenious PERSONS.

From Monday Auguſt 14th. to Wedneſday Auguſt 16th. 1710.

GENTLEMEN,

Q. WHY *do not the* Deacons *of the Church of* England, *look after the Poor, for which purpoſe we find by Scripture they were ordained: and likewiſe in the Office for ordering of* Deacons *it is ſaid, they ſhall ſerve for the Sick, Poor and Impotent People in the Pariſh, to Intimate their Eſtates, Names and Places where they Dwell unto the Curate, that they may be Relieved? Pray give me the Reaſon of this, and what uſe* Deacons *are of, if they do not perform this, for the Prieſt is to adminiſter the Sacraments, Pray and Preach; and this ſeems to be the Office for which they were Ordained: and tho' we find St.* Philip *did Preach and Baptiſe, we don't find he did not perform this too.) Pray fail not to Anſwer this next Week if poſſible, for I am much in the Dark concerning it and deſire to be enlightned by you.*

Your Humble Servant, &c.

A. The words in the Ordination Office are, that it is the Office of Deacons to look after the Poor, &c. Where Proviſion is ſo made. This imply's that there may be a Proviſion made to excuſe them from that Part of their Office, as in Fact there is now in *England* by having Overſeers of the Poor appointed in every Pariſh. For if by the Laws of the State this Buſineſs is taken off their Hands, ſo as there is no neglect of the Poor, with what Reaſon can it be urged that this is any longer their Duty? Neither does it therefore follow that in this Caſe the Order is uſeleſs or Superfluous and ought to ceaſe; for that there remains other Buſineſs for them to do is declared by our Church: and that the ſame doth of Right belong to them, may be proved by the Inſtance of St. *Philip* mentioned by the Queriſt, by their executing of the ſame Offices in the primitive Church as St. *Ignatius* teſtifies, and by conſidering the Nature of the Qualifications of a Deacon mentioned by St. *Paul*, (1 *Tim.* Ch. 3) which are almoſt as high as thoſe of a Biſhop; whence it may be rationally inferred that the Office of a Deacon is of proportionable Dignity. The ſame Apoſtle adds that they that have uſed the Office of a Deacon will purchaſe to themſelves a good Degree; from which words may be likewiſe drawn an Argument for the Perpetuity of this Order, ſince it is here intimated to be a Qualification in Order to be promoted to a higher Dignity in the Church.

Q. Gentlemen, *By all the Obſervations I can make on the Mechanical Powers now in uſe, what is gained in Force, is loſt in Protraction of Time, ſo that if a Man by an Engine raiſes Ten Thouſand Pounds Weight, he ſhall Spend as much time in effecting it, as he might have raiſed up all that Weight in, by Parcels. Now we read* Archimedes *cou'd in an inſtant (or in a very little time) draw a Ship out of the Sea; how is it poſſible that account cou'd be true?*

A. You are miſtaken if you think the Protraction of Time holds ſuch proportion with the force of the Mechanical Powers now in uſe: but we beleive *Archimedes* diſcover'd ſome Principles in the Mechanicks which now are loſt. The Reaſon doubtleſs is, that his Enemies being chiefly for the Wars, our great Guns ſince invented, being of Infinite more force, has render'd them uſeleſs: nor muſt you ſuppoſe thoſe Ships He rais'd out of the Sea, of the ſize of our Firſt Rate Men of War.

Q. Gentlemen, *Do you think a Man can Diſcern a Thing when both his Eyes are out?*

A. Yes, he may *Diſcern* a Thing, tho' not ſee it, by a Deſcription given him of it.

Q. Bright APOLLO, *I fly to theſe Radiant Rays of Light, which have ſo much Illuminated this Dark Corner of the World, and there Proſtrate my ſelf (as if Sentenc'd by you) to Receive my Doom. I at this time being reduced to a very Melancholy Condition, having ſo continued ever ſince they began to draw the Lottery. The Reaſon of my Diſcontent is, I being in Love with a Young Gentlewoman who has got a conſiderable Number of Tickets in the ſaid Lottery, which gives me Reaſon to ſuſpect that if any High Prize of-*

fers to her, my Suit will be rejected; which otherwise I believe wou'd have been accepted, for she seems already in some measure to be greatly Elevated with the Thoughts of a High Lot; which if it shou'd so happen, I of all Men shou'd be the most Miserable. Therefore I Heartily beg your Advice in this so Critical a Juncture, and what I shall do to preserve that (her) Love and Affection, which she has so often heretofore been pleased to bestow upon me. In granting my Request you'll have the Good Fortune of Saving a Lover that's brought to the lowest Cell of Black Despair.

Yours, R. W.

A. Both Ancients and Moderns, with great Reason accord in that Notion, that *Love is Blind.* For all we meet with, appear to be so, in their neareſt Concernments, where one wou'd expect 'em to have the cleareſt Notions of Things. Here is once o'erwhelm'd with Diſpair on Apprehenſions of a Melancholly Scene, ſhou'd his Miſtreſs prove Fortunate in the Lottery, whereas were his Underſtanding free, to make a Right Judgment of Things, he wou'd look upon this Teſt of his Miſtreſs's Honor (ſhou'd her Expectations be Anſwered) as the moſt Fortunate Accident in his Life. For if ſhe proves Conſtant, after her Fortune is encreaſed, it wou'd give him a greater Proof of her Honor, Virtue and Affection, than he could poſſibly otherwiſe have expected; but ſhou'd ſhe caſt him off on her Succeſs, ſhe wou'd give him a Perfect Idea of her Frailty, and an Occaſion, to be thankful for the Diſcovery, before his Condition was paſt Redreſs. For if a large Sum wou'd Tempt her to Prevaricate in the Flooming Proſpect of all the Extatic Delights of Love, a leſſer Sum might Debauch her Inclinations after Satiety. So that either way you have an advantagious Proſpect, for the next Felicity to the enjoying a Good, is the avoiding an Evil.

Q. 234567, 892567, 894568, 967834. Sirs, *If this Sum is to expreſſed in Words at length, I pray,* Oblige *your Humble Servant,* T. W.

A. To prevent farther Importunity in our Queriſt, we muſt be forced to Anſwer this Queſtion, which any Young Arithmetician that has been but one Day at School may do as well. The Sum therefore is, Two Hundred and Thirty Four Thouſand Five Hundred and Sixty Seven Trillions, Eight Hundred and Ninety Two Thouſand Five Hundred and Sixty Seven Billions, Eight Hundred and Ninety Four Thouſand Five Hundred and Sixty Eight Millions. Nine Hundred and Sixty Seven Thouſand Eight Hundred and Thirty Four.

Q. Gentlemen, *I Writ you ſeveral Letters, and have not been ſo Happy as to Recieve an Anſwer for any of them, but I hope this will not fail of one: I have before me a certain Sum of Money in Pounds, which being reduced into Pence and afterwards Divided by* 4, *the Quotient is* 5000000. *I deſire to know how much the Sum was.*

Gentlemen,

I am Yours N. J. E.

A. The great Difficulty in this Queſtion is to reduce 20000000 Pence to Shillings and Pounds. To which we muſt return for Anſwer, that *Apollo* Refers with Scorn and Indignation ſuch Contempt of his Wiſdom, by being put to Anſwer ſuch Deſpicable Trifles, and for the Future has forbid us to approach his Shrine on Account of ſuch Impertinent Queriſts.

Q. Gentlemen, *From whence came the Cuſtom of Saying* God Bleſs you, *when any one Sneezes.*

Yours, N. M.

A. This was Anſwer'd in a former Paper.

Q. Gentlemen, *Obſerving frequent Addreſſes from the Afflicted for Relief, and I being in the height of Trouble, under moſt deplorable circumſtances, earneſtly intreat your ſpeedy Advice to preſerve me from Diſtraction. I am the unhappy Offſpring of two Indulgent Parents, whoſe equal tenderneſs towards me made it impoſſible to diſtinguiſh which Lov'd me beſt; 'tis now a moſt a Year ſince my Father Died, when my Mother outdid the* Epheſian Matron *in her Sorrow, and continues the ſame fondneſs to me ſtill; but O Horror! The diſmal Scene now opens, for I have, with poſſitive Proof, diſcover'd lately, She not only abus'd my Fathers Bed, in an Adulterous Intreague with his Treacherous Friend, but conſented to the Villain's Poſoning him; O! my Heart, my Soul is all confuſion, a Father's Blood on this ſide calls for Vengeance; on that a Mother's kindneſs Checks my Fury; here Silence makes me Partner in the Crime, and Accuſation there deſtroys the Womb that bore me.*

Tell me Sage Delians *what you'd have me do;*
Think not this Fiction, 'tis alas! too true;
Conſider't nicely, then your Thoughts relate,
On the Reply depends my Mother's *Fate.*

DOLOROSO.

A. You muſt Pardon us, if we beleive the Relation you give us, was taken out of the Tragedy of *Hamlet, Prince of Denmark.* But ſuppoſing it to be your own Caſe, you are doubtleſs Oblig'd to detect the Murderer, ſince (tho' your Mother,) by the Horror of the Action, ſhe has forfeited all right to Humane Compaſſion. For as you ſay on one Hand, your ſilence makes you a Guilty Partner of the Crime, ſo on the other Hand, 'tis not you, but her own Wickedneſs deſtroys the Womb that bore you. It is not the Evidence, but his own Action, takes away the Life of the Malefactor.

All now remains within your Pow'r to do,
And what your beſt Affection too, will ſhew,
Will be the Horror of the Crime to Urge,
That with Repentance the Guilt may Purge.

POEMS.

Q. DARK *Gloomy Clouds Deſcending ſeem'd to* [Kiſs,
The Humid Earth; while the Officious Moon,
With Glittering Beams diſplay'd Imperfect Light:
Cool Breathing Zephirs with their Gentle Sighs,
The lulling murmur of the Purling Brooks,
And Philomels ſoft Notes did all conſpire,
With Mournful Harmony to Sooth my Cares.
The lonely Wood to which my wandring Feet
Unheeded brought me, by its Wreathing Boughs
And Amorous twining kept the Feeble Light,
From Peircing thro', which made the Silent Grove,

A

A Station fit for Grief and Black Deſpair.
Againſt the Trunk of a large Blaſted Oak
(An Emblem of my Miſerable State)
Reclin'd I ſtood, Buried in Deepeſt Thought,
Till Sable Night unminded paſt away.
In all the tedious Series of my Life,
Remembrance fails for to Record a Joy,
Or Grateful Pleaſure, ſo Refin'd as theſe,
Uninterrupted Melancholy Hours.
Say, Learned Bards, *why ſhould the Soul Delight,*
To Ruminate on what diſturbs her Peace,
Why when Immerg'd in Sad and Penſive Thoughts,
They ſhould Relax her Anguiſh and Deſpair.

TORRESMOND.

A. When Buſy Day hath with Tumultuous [Scenes,
Tyr'd all the Faculties the Soul Delights,
In ſoft Retirements to unbend itſelf,
And give a looſe to its free Emanations:
Yet not like *Torreſmond* are all employ'd.
On Proſpects ſome of Future Pleaſures look;
Fantaſtic Bliſs hop'd from the Yeilding Fair,
Or Managements, which Promiſe Heaps of Gold;
Or Joys Projected from Ambitious Flights;
Theſe Contemplate on *Future* Things, not *paſt*,
And with *Erected Looks* enjoy their Thoughts,
Tho' yet but *Embryo's* of Imagination:
Others, with *Aſpect prone* to Earth, Reflect
On Pleaſures paſt, which never muſt return,
Or Griefs they've Suffer'd, whoſe Sad Images
Revive, and in the Mind freſh Painted are:
And theſe with Sorrow Preſs the Sinking Mind,
While Life ſeems an Intollerable Load,
The firſt, Brisk Sanguine Conſtitutions Bleſs,
While with a juſt and Conſtant Circulation,
The Purple Maſs, through the free Channels Flows;
The other by an Heavy Maſs of Blood,
Oppreſt, Black Fumes Aſcend and fill the Brain;
From whence Sad Thoughts ariſe and Cloud the [Soul.

Q. To Phœbus, *I will freely own,*
And he may tell it all the Town;
That I at length a Lover prove,
Nay 'tis a Woman too, I Love;
A kind of Female Fingle, Fangle,
But yet not ſo far gone to Dangle:
Now I wou'd of your Godſhip *ask,*
(Altho' perhaps too hard a Task)
That ſince I hate the Common Ways,
Are us'd by Coxcombs now a Days.
Of Altars, Shrines, and Stars and Darts;
Sighs, Vows and ſuch like Childiſh Arts,
You newer Methods wou'd propoſe,
And more ſignificant than theſe,
More rational and Manly too,
Inform herein and I'll purſue.
Your Precepts and next Moment Woo.

A. If on new Method you are bent,
We need not Study to Invent:
Let no Diſguiſe your Heart conceal,
But all the Naked Truth reveal;
What e'er you promiſe Vow, or Swear,
Be certain in your Pow'r they are.
And never let Performance ſlack
All your Aſſurances to back:
Be Faithful, Honeſt, Juſt and True,
In ev'ry thing you ſay or do,
And ſuch a *Courtſhip* will be new.

Famous APOLLO,

Q. *To whom all Queſtions are as Pat, Sir,*
As is my Head unto my Hat, Sir,
I pray, be pleas'd this to look at, Sir.

And a Solution ſend unto't, Sir,
But ſuch a one as will it Suit, Sir,
Becauſe I think that you can do't, Sir.

When any one's Condemn'd *to ſtand, Sir,*
(At Charing-Croſs, *or in the* Strand, *Sir,)*
I'th' Pillory, *by juſt Command, Sir.*

The Cuſtom is, and hath been long, Sir,
Among the Giddy Pated Throng, Sir,
Stale Eggs, *the Man to throw upon, Sir.*

And now, Apollo, *Pray, Diſperſe, Sir,*
How long, and from whom, or whence, Sir,
This Naſty Cuſtom did Commence, Sir.

Your Admirer, S. C.

A. In Reign of *Edward* call'd the Third, Sir,
If you will take Old *Milbourn's* Word, Sir,
If not, we will not care a T——, Sir.

A *Poulterer* Liv'd who well Fraught, Sir,
With *Eggs*, which as 'tis ſaid he Bought, Sir,
Threeſcore, or Fourſcore for a Groat, Sir.

The Stinking Traſh he Sold again, Sir,
For New, altho' twice Six Months layn, Sir,
And thence the *Pill'ry* did obtain, Sir.

On which, they Pelted him full ſore, Sir,
With *Eggs* they'd bought of him before, Sir,
That He might Sell 'em ſuch no more, Sir.

Theſe being found ſo fit for Hand, Sir,
When any Raskal there does ſtand, Sir,
With theſe his Phiz, e'er ſince they Brand, Sir.

☞ Any Perſon may have the *Index* to the Second Volume of the *Britiſh Apollo*, alſo whole Sets Bound or Unbound, and Single Sheets to make

make up Sets of the ſaid Volume, of the Men in their Walks, or of *J. Mayo*, over againſt *Water-Lane, Fleet-Street.*

SIR,

THE Letters from Cambray Auguſt 18th Adviſe that on the 16th in the Evening the Marquis de Torcy arrived there from the French Court, and having lain that Night in the Governours Houſe, ſet out the next Morning at break of Day Baupaume in his way to the Army under the Mareſchal de Villars. The advices from Paris are, tis reported his Majeſty deſign to provide the Magazines of all his Towns and Caſtles for two Years, and that all the Villiages are to furniſh Corn for that End, upon conſideration whereof they are to be exculed from paying Taxes. Tis ſaie that the Abbot de Polignac is nominated to go Ambaſſador to Syain, and the Mareſchal d' Oxelles to Swiſſerland; that the Duke of Vendoſme is gone to the Caſtle of Seaux in order after a ſtay of four or five Days to proceed on his Journey to Spain; that the Courtiers give out, there will be certainly a Battle in Flanders, the Enemy's Army being much werkned by the Siege of Douay and Bethune, and theirs being Stronger than ever. Tis adviſed from Bruſſel Auguſt 22d that all their Private Letters from Spain confirm the Victory obtain'd by King Charles III. over his Competitor, and the Confederate Army Broke up the 1ſt Inſtant and went and Encamp'd at Tamarit, but the Duke of Anjou continued in his Camp under Lerida, From the Camp before Bethune they write that on the 20th Inſtant that the Troops at General Schullemburg's Attack poſſeſſed themſelves of the Counterſcarp after a very Obſtinate Fight. They talk of the Siege of Ipres after the taking of Bethune.

Which is all from Yours, *&c.*

WHEREAS ALL THE SETS OF THE FIRST Volume of the *BRITISH APOLLO* have been for ſome time diſpos'd of, tho' none under 15 *s.* 6 *d. per* Set, Bound. The ſaid Vol. containing about 2000 Anſwers to Curious Queſtions, in moſt Arts and Sciences, approv'd of by many of the moſt Learned and Ingenious, of both Univerſities and of the Royal-Society, is now Reprinting in Octavo by Subſcription. The Terms are, each Subſcriber to pay 2 *s.* 6 *d.* in Hand and 2 *s.* 6 *d.* on the Delivery of each Book, Neatly Bound, Gilt Edges and Letter'd on the Back, none will be Sold under 6 *s.* by Reaſon there will be but very few Printed more then what will be Subſcribed for. *Note*, It will be Carefully Corrected, Amended and Improv'd by the Authors, that all that is Material will be Inſerted. They who Subſcribe for 6 Books to have a 7th Gratis, and to Bookſellers their uſual Allowance. Propoſals may be had, and a Printed Ticket given to thoſe who are willing to Subſcribe, at Mr. *Clark*'s Bookſeller, in *Birchin-Lane* near the *Royal-Exchange Cornhill*, Mr. *Harbin* at the *Roſe*, next Door to the *Globe-Tavern* in the *Strand*, near *Cha-ring Croſs*, or of *J. Mayo* Printer hereof, over againſt *Water-Lane Fleet-Street*, and of the Men in their Walks.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

A Firſt and Second Claim is made at the Office of Aſſurance on Marriage, in Bolt-Court, Fleet-Street, which amounts to 37 l. 12 s. The firſt will be paid on Saturday next, and the 2d on the 15th of Auguſt, wherefore all Perſons concern'd are deſired to pay 2 s. into the Joint-Stock, purſuant to the 1ſt Article, or they will be excluded. The 2 Claimants married each other and have paid but 2 s. each, which ſufficiently ſhews the great Advantage of this Inſurance, which is daily Increaſing, the 3d Claim already amounting to near 25 l. On next St. Bartholomew-day 6 Truſtees will be choſen for the Year enſuing, due Notice will be given of the hour & place; the Advantage of Early Entrance will appear by the *Propoſals*, which may be had Gratis at the Office. Note, Any perſon may Inſure on the Marriage of an other without their Knowledge or Conſent.

A Patent under the Great Seal of England has been granted to Charles [illegible] Red-Lion-Street in Southwark, for the [illegible] London Ink-Powder for Record[illegible]roft, Exeter for all Perſons to make the Writing-Ink as black and as ſtrong as the [illegible] Gallon-pot paper makes a Pint of the [illegible] Pint and half, or [illegible] Shop-keepers co[illegible]Writing or Marking-Ink by by ſtanding [illegible] in ſo much Rain or River-Water; and it [illegible] weak and pale Ink, or Ink ſpoyl'd by the Froſt, and Directions to each Quart of Powder, to prevent Ink from Freezing. [illegible] Sold by [illegible] Haberdaſhers in Exeter, London, [illegible] the chief Cities and Towns [illegible] Ink may be imploy'd on by [illegible] Clerks of Counterfeits this only, has been [illegible] experienced for many Years and Approved for the beſt Ink in moſt parts of the World.

MR. *Roger Grant*, OCULIST, who has been ſo ſucceſsful in Couching the Cataract and Curing all other Curable Diſtempers in the Eyes, lives in St. *Chriſtopher's Church-Yard*, where he has laſtly brought to Sight theſe Perſons under-nam'd. *Wil. Jones*, at *Newington-Butts*, born blind, reſtored to Sight in 5 minutes. *Susan Barns*, at Mr. *Haunches*, in the *Broad-way Weſtminſter*, blind 11 Years, brought to Sight in 3 minutes. *Mary Leaving*, in *Swan-Yard* near *Newgate*, aged 75 Years, reſtored to Sight in one Minute. *Elizabeth Wild*, in *Bell-Alley Goſwell-Street*, blind of one Eye 23 Years, reſtored to Sight in 5 minutes. *William Dixon*, in *Chelſea-College*, aged 87, reſtor'd to Sight in 5 minutes. *John Myers* on *Saffron-Hill*, blind by Obſtruction of the *Optick Nerves*. A Gentlewoman whoſe Mother lives at Juſtice *Conſtables* in *Goodman's-Fields*, the ſame. Mrs. *Jackſon* in *Wood's-Cloſe*, the ſame. Mr. *Williams*, in *Peter-Street Old-Soho*. *Anne Andrews* in *Goſwell Street*. *Saywell Latham*, at *Adam's Coffee-Houſe Chancery-Lane*. *Anne Allen*, in *Nightingal Lane*. *Anne Lee*, at the *Croſs-keys* Tavern in *St. Martin's-Lane*. [illegible] *Cooly*, near *Fiſhmonger's-Hall*, *Thames-Street*. [illegible] in *Nags-head-Alley*, *Southwark*. Mrs. *Langh*[illegible] *Saffron-Hill*. A Child of *J. Haris's* at *Iſlington*, [illegible] a month Old. Mr. *Parſons*, in *Naked Boy Court* in *Bell-Savage-Yard*, *Ludgate-Hill*. Mr. *Graves*, at Mr. *Spencers* in *Church-ſtreet*, *Deptford*. Mr. *Allens* daughter at the *Dolphin* and *Comb* on *London Bridge*. [illegible] *Tanmore*, in *Caſtle-alley* in the *Park*, *Southwark*. *William Malſter*, in *Wheeler-ſtreet*, *Spittle-Fields*. *Joſeph Miles*, at Mr. *Shakſpear's* at *Hogſdon*. Mr. *Jones* Daughter, next Door to the 2 *Brewers* in *Monmouth-ſtreet*. NOTE, Theſe with 176 others have been Cur'd ſince *Sept.* 1708. by the aforeſaid Mr. *Grant*.

LONDON: Printed for, and Sold by *J. Mayo*, at the *Printing-Preſs* againſt *Water-Lane* in *Fleet-Street*. Where Advertiſements are Taken in.